4 Via Sistina 1° piano

Rome ~~Scala Santa~~

June 9th 1879

My dear Marie

In the fear that you may have seen in the Newspapers an account of an attempted assassination on me Scala Santa, I write this to assure you that it is nothing to do with my residence at Rome. I am not the only one who is there are many staircases in Palazzo Poli

We have at last got real fine weather which [illegible] is your calendar & that from which begins to take the leaves on the trees from the windows, the winter season has been very bad every where & has caused much illness I have suffered from the damp & dark! but am right again & just now I am expecting

Henry who is going to India, having got an
order to search a gold mine at Madras – He
will pay me a visit on his way

Your last letter was so well written
that I am quite jealous & fear you cannot
read mine, but patience for I am now 86
I hope this fine weather will set me up
my knees are weak & I walk badly with a stick
the Doctor will not take me out, as I may tumble
this I don't think but I find it difficult to
keep the perpendicular –

The Assassin has not been taken, but the
man he wounded is <u>well recovered</u> – It was
to rob Jones Esq, he escaped by another staircase

I have not resumed my painting yet, but hope
soon to finish my Cane

You will be amused to hear that I have
set up my Beard, for I found it shewing very
disagreeably, & I cannot endure a barber shave
me or get been shaved, so there was nothing left me
but the ugly beard, grey as it is

They complain here of my stooping! & I am
obliged to straighten myself at dinner

The strawberries are the only fruit not spoiled
Cherries are done for, but we hope for the rest
with this very fine weather — grapes cutter, peaches
are my delight & are among the last, our Wine is
excellent — I never take Spirits

Dear Mrs Courthorne interests me & I beg you to
give her my sincere love, her residence must be good
& pleasant